CHAPERONS OLD AND NEW. A DISCUSSION, WITH SKETCHES BY

Customs Have Changed With the Times, and the Entertaining Young Married Woman of the Artist's Acquaintance Is Going the Way of the Old Lady of His Memory.

"In my opinion," remarked the artist as he meditatively toned down a too conspicuous dimple in the face he was drawing, "the enaperon as an institution is waning. outgrowing her. At best she was an exotic product of an oversensitive civilization, and was never to be found where she was most needed, not that I expect anybody to agree with me in this estimate, except, perhaps, some of my young and glids friends, who really are in need of chaperotage if any one ever is. But a cur-mory study of conditions as they are has convinced me that in the matter of protection for the youthful the Schaperon is being replaced by other things. The fact is I've been out chaperon sketching, just as I went out lover sketching once before, and I haven't had the best of luck in finding the real article of my younger days," and the artist knocked over a heap of cardbeards and then scooped up an armful of



OF THE OLDER STYLE. them and began to sort them over as he resumed

his observations. "Here she is," he announced in tones of triumph, holding up a sketch. "Behold her, the typical chaperon of my haleyon days of youth, who would have been horrified into the then fashionable hysterics if her charges had indulged in such gayeties as the rising generation of to-day enjoys such as late suppers, music halls, and kindred amusements. This sketch, as a matter of fact, represents her in the very act of chaperoning, or of attempting to chape ron, a party of four, who had indulged in the mild dissipation of going to see "Hamlet" as played by ----; well, I was on the very point



A MODERN CHAPERONE.

of giving myself away on the score of age. can see her yet as she got to the corner of the street, which we had turned hastily, meaning wickedly to give her the slip, and I sketched he

wickedly to give her the slip, and I sketched her from memory as she stood looking first to one side and then the other in search of her recreant charges. Heighno! I remember she caught 18- and I'm a bardelor still.

"Now here's the modern thing. Rather different, the I boat to berrye any obtrusive primness about her, do you? Well, it happened not long ago that some people I know wanted to go up to the Metropolitan Museum one evening to see the place. You see, being New Yorkers they hadn't been there for five years or so. There were young people of both varieties in the party, so they thought, or their narents thought, or their narents thought.



SUFFICIENT UNTO THEMSELVES.

chaperon, and they got one, a young married chaperon, and they got one, a young married woman.

'She's just a dear chaperon,' one of the girls told one. 'Never bothers at all, you know, and hasn't any hore'd ideas about the responsibilities of the pession or what people ought or ought not to do, you know,

"Subsequently I found this to be an accurate statement of the case, although I believe the girl afterward channed her mind about it. This sketch isn't from life exactly. It it was, you wouldn't be able to see the chaperon on account of the crowd of men around her. She just monopolized the male portion of the crowd, and I heard one of the girls afterward tell another that she never, never, never—with increasing emphasis on each never—would go out again in a party chaperoned by Mrs. W.—. For my part, I am strongly of the opinion that, if you're going to have any, that's the proper kind to have.

"Now, if my chaperone of times past had been

you're going to have any, that's the proper kind to have.

Now, if my chaperon of times past had been at the theatro where I went a few nights ago and had seen the number of people in complex with no third persons to transform them into crowds I think that, to use the expressive purhance of the hour, she would have thrown a fit. I took down one pair as they emerged from the theatre after having winessed with evident appreciation a very lively skirt dance as a wind-up, which, by the way, I saw dimly through the meshes of a particularly obnoxious hat just in front of me. Some night I'm going out hat sketching. Well, to return to the young people. They had every appearance of being well-holasved and well-bred young people, and after the theatre they went to a restaurnt and thad supper, a performance which would certainly have resulted in apoplexy to my old-

time chaperon had she seen it. May be these young people were engaged, or were brother and elater, but I don't believe all the pairs that I saw in that theatre were either one or the other; and any way I don't believe they were any the worse just because an undesired third party wasn't in the way poking an unwarranted nose into erer; performing the duties of a chaperon.

"Then sometimes I've been driven to wonder on which side the chaperon is needed, for in-

WHICH IS THE PROTECTED?

which is the protected?

stance in the case of a pair whom I saw coming out of Madison Square Garden one evening. He was probably of age, and she probably wasn't, but the top of his hat didn't reach her puffed-up shoulders, and as he toddled along beside her I involuntarily looked to see if she didn't have a leading string on him. Then it occurred to me that here was that young and innocent creature going out at hight with no better protection than a girl who wore ultraballoon sleeves and very likely piayed looker and drank cockrails, and did other dreadful things, and not a chaperon in sight. So I just sketched that youth and his companion as they proceeded, she striding along and he keeping up as best he could. And I wondered whether it were worse that he or she should go out unchaperoned.

ONE KIND OF PROTECTION.

AT SO MUCH PER HOUR.

sefore braving the displeasure of that most re-

s nother garments, to take heed that he rouse



WHERE A CHAPERONE IS NEEDFUL. said the girl, giving a nod and smile to the hesitating youths.
"As the girl and her mother drove away I heard one of the 'Johnnies' say, in disgusted tones, to his companion:
"Queered again, Who'd have thought it'd have the old one on guard. Have a drink?"
And they departed."

STORIES OF PROF. BLACKIE Told by the Baughter of a Clergyman Who

Was His Pastor.

From the Hartford Courant.

Seated in her boudolr yesterday afternoon, with her baby boy in her arms, Mrs. Kellar, the wife of George Kellar, the architect, told a Courant reporter many interesting facts about Prof. John Stuart Blackie, the great philosopher who died at Ellinburgh Sajurday morning. Mrs. Kellar is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Walter Smith, a lifelong friend of the dead professor.

"I have known the dear old professor, or 'pro', as we always called him, ever since I knew anything. He was one of my father's dearest friends, and a frequent, almost daily, visitor at our house. He fived in a charming home, about fifteen minutes' walk from ours, and always sat in our pew at church, where he listened to my father's preaching. Father used to say that he got more deas from the 'pro' for his sermons than from any other source. He always went straight from the pew to the vestry and would give father his opinion of the sermon. Frequently while the sermon was being delivered he would exhibit his approval by thumping on the floor with his cune. He always walked home with us from church Sunday, and would sit and drink a class of sherry with father, talking for an hour or two in a most interesting manner. From the Hartford Courant.



PROP. BLACKIE.

Father always considered his counsel and ad-"He was a most lovable man, sweet in every

Father always considered his counsel and advice most heipful.

"He was a most lovable man, sweet in every respect, although at times seemingly boisterous in his apparently youthful exaberance of spirits. He was full of humanity; loved all mankind, and was beloved in return. When Mr. Kellar and I were in Scotland about a year and a half ago with our daughter Hida, she was afraid of him at first, but he won her over, and she soon became perfectly devoted to him.

"Not he had no children, and it was always a grief to him, and his good wife who survives him, that they never had any. They adopted a nephexy, who lived with them. For Blacker them in a coven sick until about a year ago, when a bad cold left him feeble. I had a letter from my father a week or two ago, in which he spoke of Binckie as visibly failing. He was everybody's friend. The poor and humble loved and revered him, and the rich and powerful admired him. He was not particularly attached to dumb animals. I never saw one in his house, and he never owned a horse or even rode in a carriage if the distance could be covered by walking. He was a great walker, and resented a pucturesque appearance, with his shawi folded around him in piace of an overcoat, and swinging his gold-handled cane, held in an almost horizontal position. The cane was never cased for assistance; he never needed it for that.

"He used to tell us that he adopted wearing a shawi when he was too poor to biny an overcoat, and shawi when he was too poor to biny an overcoat and onton. He was an agularly eccentric in his dress at home. Except when at a full dress dinner, he always wore a dressing gown with a red silk seart, yards long, wound around his waist and a Panama straw hat on his head. This was his working costume. He wore the hat because he said his head was cold without it, and when one was worn out would buy another just like it. He wrote at a standing desk and was cold without it, and when one was worn out would buy another just like it. He wrote at a standing desk and never went t

before braving the displeasure of that most resourceful of all gamins, the messenger boy.

"The same is true of the canine protector. A bow-legged building with a prominent under jaw, the physiognomy of a mixed ale flather, and a general appearance of being always ready for any trouble that may come his way, if not of actually going out of his course to look for it, is sufficient protection for a whole seminary full of young women, and the 'doggy 'pirl of the period is perhaps the best taken care of of any of them. Let any stranger but speak to her and the dog is on the alert, and it behowes the stranger, if he would preserve the integrity of his nother garments, to take heed that he rouse

was a charming, genial man, beaming with good nature and love.

"He was not a member of any church, although a regular attendant at my father's. Our hymn books and littles were covered with poems written by him during the service. If there was a strange minister the 'pro' would indicate his approval or disapproval of the preacher in verse written on the inside of one of the books in the pew.

written on the inside of one of the books in the pew.

"Prof. and Mrs. Blackie celebrated their golden weiding about three years ago and I sent him a book by Prof. Johnson of Trainty on the Philosophy of Language." It proved to be just the kind of present he desired, and I received a heautifully written letter from him in acceptance of the gift. If a sermon of my father's particularly pleased him, he wend heartly embrace him in the vestry afterward, and when visiting us would embrace every member of the family upon leaving; such was his laying, affectionate disposition."

opened, and a particularly pretty gift came out, half a dozen of them started forward and then stopped as an elderly woman followed the

THE RESERVE SUCH SUSPENSION OF MARKETS HARRING

DINNER IN THE TENDERLOIN ENJOYED BY ONLY ONE. An Ordent for a Rettred Statesman Vistted by a Former Constituent with an Embarrassing Hunger for Information. Not far from the tangle of Broadway, Sixth avenue, and several side streets, there is a restaurant that is typically of the Tenderloin. The

character of its patrons changes with the hours

fast hours by young bachelors who have apart

ments near it. At the dinner hour it is crowded with a mixed assemblage, including not a few family parties, and later it is gay at times. A man who was recognized by several of the diners as an ex-Governor of one of the States of the Union entered this restaurant one night last week with a man who attracted general attention. Half an hour earlier a Syrian in costume had entered the restaurant and found a vacant sent without attracting more than a passing glance. The ex-Governor's companion, however, was more interesting. He was a small man with conspicuous cheekbones and a short, red beard that grow in a semicircle on the front of his chin. face was weatherbeaten and his clothes were of the ill-fitting, big-around-the-collar cut that stamps the Sunday best of some of the rural districts. Hefore he had spoken a word every one in that restaurant who noticed him knew that he was fresh from the country. He followed

The Governor ordered oysters and steaks and then asked:

"What would you like to drink?"

"I guess I'll have some tea."

"When the order was served John wanted information about the restaurant, and the Governor suddenly developed a great interest in the welfare of John's friends at home, so much so that he frequently interrupted John's questions by putting others. John was a hard man to side track, however, and he missed all of the Governor's danger signals.

"I suppose some of your real society ladies who get their names in the papers come in here. Governor?" said John. "There's a hummer over there with all that jewelry and—"

"By the way," interrupted the Governor, "How's old man Smith getting on?

"Jim?" asked John: "or p'rhans you mean old isaac. His farm's beyond mine."

"Yes, Isaac's the man."

"He's lively enough, barring rheumatics," but the subject didn't interest John so much as a dashing looking woman who was drinking a cocktail across the room. She may have even winked at him.

"Do you know her, Governor?" said John. "Say, isn't she stylish? I wender what folks out our way would think to see her drinking in a dining room. I s'nose that—"

"And how's Jim Smith?"

"And how's Jim Smith?"

"And how's Jim Smith?

"Oh, Jim aln't much account now'days."

John juggled his knife and fork from one hand to the other, and, notwithstanding his poor appetite, he enjoyed the steak more than the Governor did. But his eyes strayed again.

"She's drinking wine now, Governor," he said in a loud whisper that was more noticeable than an ordinary conversational tone, and carried farther. "Say, I read in our Former that the New York society women were all drinkers. It said they wore bells on their garters and—"

"You said Jim Smith had rheumatism?" broke in the Governor.

"John, will you have some pie?"

"John, will you have some pie?"

"I don't mind if I do to night, Governor. You

GOOD-LOOKING SCHOOL CHILDREN. Pupils of the Public Schools Not Much Affected, Seemingly, by Hard Times.

One of the delights and mysteries of the hard times is the appearance of the children as they flock from the New York public schools. In whatever part of the town one sees them, they seem comfortably clad in whole and fairly clean garments, well, for the most part, and happy, Doubtless there is a scarcity of wool in their garments, and their underclothing may be thinner than it should be, but their clothes look as well as one could ask. There are some thousands of families receiving charity, but either they evade the Compulsory Education law or manage to make the children presentable. It is especially noticesble that the children have whole and seemingly strong shoes. The gir's in particular wear neat winter wraps, and the boys, instead of wearing the fragmentary headgear of J. G. Brown's

strong shoes. The gir's in particular wear neat winter wraps, and the boys, instead of wearing the fragmentary headgear of J. G. Brown's street arabs, appear in decent hats and caps. The youngsters are happily free from the weight of poverty that is oppressing so many of their elders. Visiting surgeons of the Eastern Dispensary often find the children cheerful and well clad in households where the sick are charity patients. Whatever the struggles of the elders, the children are kept heat, so that they may face their own little world without shame. There is much in the healthy appearance of these children to sustain the theory of the survival of the littest in urban life. There are possibly fewer in proportion of noticeably sturdy children than one might count among the pupils of a village school, but the number of strong frames and healthy faces is large. The Italian children, now cutting a pretty large figure in the public schools, are stoutly made and healthy, while the children of the Hebrew newcomers down town are possibly below the average in physical health. The negro children scattered through the schools are well clad and at ease with their mates.

One painful fact is the large number of children wearing spectacles. Even some of the timest of the negro children wear them, and a dusky pickanimity in gold-bowed glasses is one of the tuniest of the negro children wear them, and a dusky pickanimity in gold-bowed glasses is one of the funniest objects in life. The differences between the east side and the west seem to come out less strongly in the children than in the grown folk, for there is no large body of school children habitually employing a foreign tongue in their communications with their fellows.

Any one that shall see a flock of children just from school blocking the street for an instant must be struck with the solving. The Italian children at home are clad in gay rags of all colors, but at school they go in solve gaine. Another curious thing is to note the seeming suddenness with which a crowd o

TO THE POLE BY BALLOON.

A Swedish Aeronaut Who Hopes to Make the Run from Spitzbergen in 10 Hours, The Swedish engineer and aeronaut André, who, on a recent balloon trip from Gothenburg to Gothland, succeeded in steering his balloon twenty-seven degrees out of the direction of the wind, read a paper before the Academy of Sciences in Stockholm the other day, in which be explained how he thinks he will be able to reach the pole in a balloon. He will make the attempt from Spitzbergen, and, in order that it shall succeed, makes the following conditions:

1. The balloon must have a lifting power that of the day. It is frequented during the break-

will enable it to carry three passengers, instruments needed for observations, provisions for four months, and ballast, a total weight of about 7,000 pounds.

2. It must be made so airtight that it can be sustained in the air for thirty days and nights. 3. It must be inflated in some place in the Arctte regions 4. It must be constructed according to Mr.

André's plan, so that it can be managed. The first, second, and third conditions, André says, can be met without difficulty. To attain the requisite lifting power is a problem long since roived, and by experiments made some time ago by Poisenilles and Graham with a balloon 'S feet in diameter, it was shown that they had succeeded in making it so airtight that at the end of one month it had lost only sixteen pounds of its lifting power. The inflation of the balloon in the Arctic regions presents no diffi-

itastricts. Hefore he had spoken a word overy one in that restaurant who noticed him knew that he was fresh from the country. He followed that he was fresh from the country. He followed the ex-Governor to a table in a nervous way, and he said "Yes, sir," to the walter who asked if he should take his hat and coat.

This particular ex-Governor has been out of politics for some time, and from the conversation he was dining one of his old supporters in a perfunctor was for the sake of old times. The heart of the sake of old times, the had not not to be some the heart of the sake of old times. The heart of the sake of old times, the had not to the heart had not a convert the sake of the

LOTS OF COBBLERS. Peculiarities of the Shoemakers of the Various Foreign Colonies.

Between factory-made shoes and machine repairing "while you wait," the old-fashioned, selfemploying shoemaker has a hard struggle for existence. Even the shoe stores have gone into cobbling, and you see in their windows such notices as "Of course we mend shoes." This means still another competitive enemy to the cobbler. Nevertheless, shoes are still cobbled all over town in every language known to this community, and the cobbler is worth a giance or two, if only because he seems doomed.

The French quarters, old and new, abound in cobblers, and on the whole the French self-em-"No, Ike. She's drinking another grass and Governor, and "John, will you have some pie?"
"I don't mind if I do to-night, Governor. You must be sure and drop in on us when you are around our way."
The pie held John's attention. When the finger bowl was placed before him he ignored it.

"Those are mighty fine diamonds that she's wearing, Governor, and I'll bet she's "John, we must hurry out or we shall be late for the theatre," and as they walked out the Governor was assuring John that his wife would to make modest proclamation of their specialty. The Secretary of Agriculture, while he still the secretary of Agriculture. lived in Nebraska and wore long boots, had them made by a self-employing shoemaker down on the edge of the old French quarter, and sent out to him by post. As the Secretary is a man to hold to his old friends, doubtless since his promotion from a practical to a the-

oretical farmer he still employs the same. There are a host of Italian shoemakers in each of the several Italian quarters. Some of them are about the crudest mechanics of their craft, still clinging to the antiquated art of pegging. and putting the largest and roughest patches of anything that comes their way. Since the advery cheap factory shoes, by the way,

and putting the largest and routest patches on the same patches of the largest and routest patches on the largest patches do great in making a common than its the elever devices of the old radioloud country outside the largest patches and the largest patches th

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AFRO-AMERICAN POETRY.

Some Specimens of Verse Drawn Out by the Death of Mr. Douglass,

Do Afro-Americans possess the poetic faculty as a natural endowment in so far that they "Ilsp in numbers?" Thus far no Afro-American poet has captured the ear of the world. The Rev. A. A. Whitman and Paul Laurence Dunbar have come nearer doing it than any of their fellows, but they have yet their spurs to win in the broader sense, and fortunately they date of his commission. It may be better one are young yet. Phillis Wheatley, who was a of these days, but such is the prospect for him contemporary of George Washington, to whom she dedicated an ode and from whom she received a very gracious letter, enjoys a more substantial reputation among her people as a poet than any who has come after her. She wrote very acceptable verse, but there is no decided genius displayed in it. She was a native African girl, educated by good friends in this country, and expressed her gratitude to such friends and the sorrows of her race in passable English verse, which could have just as well been expressed in prose.

If anything could have aroused the poetle genius of Afro-Americans the death of Mr. Frederick Douglass should have done it. A vast volume of verse has been written and published in their papers upon the subject of Mr. Bouglass and his life, and perhaps a larger volume of it has been written and found its way into the waste basket. I have scanned most of the verse on Mr. Bouglass which has appeared in Afro-American newspapers, and I have seen a great deal of it which has not been published. From the great mass I have culled a few samples, believing that the readers of The Sun would appreciate their spirit, considering their inspiration, and be enabled to draw some conclusion as to the poetle capacity of Afro-Americans. Before doing this, however, I wish to reproduce that poem by Paul Dunbar which Mr. Douglass once told me was a favorite of his: genius of Afro-Americans the death of Mr.

When storms arise
And darkening skies
About me threat ining lower.
To Thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes:
To Thee my tortured spirit flies
For solace in that hour, Thy mighty arm Will let no harm Come near me nor befall;
Thy voice shall quiet my alarm;
Wuen life's great battle waxeth warm
No foeman shall appall.

Upon Thy breast Secure I rest From sorrow and vexation: No more by sinful cares oppi But in Thy presence blest, O God of my salvation:

Mame E. Smith lays this wreath upon the bie of the dead leader: As silently as a repayr
That floats on the inidnight air,
A sout has passed from amonest us
And soared to the land bright and fair.

He stood at the helm in days gone by, When the skies were dark and drear, With a heart ever true, a hand ever firm, And never a doubt or fear. And, now, whilst we mourn thee, with heart crush with pain,
And eyes blinded with sorrowing tears.
The mem'ry of thy greatuess here upon the earth
Will remain throughout the coming years. The Rev. R. Edgar Ford strikes the following

Douglass is dead!
Half-mast the Stars and Stripes, and les
A people's eyes, with tears be wet!
Backcloth and ashes o'er us spread—
Douglass is dead!
Toll deep the number delts, the sound
Be echoed all the world around:
From list to list the rate be sped—
Douglass is dead!

Mourn for people's loss—a man Whose deeds the universe could span! Whose heart wont out to every creed the spent list life, his days and house to spent list life, has days and house Let universal tears be shed— Bouglass is dead!

He was our hero; now bright Fame's! Linked with those immortal names That cannot die, though it be said Pouglass is dead!

Mr. R. Frank Taylor catches somewhat the inspiration of his theme in the following lines:

How calmly rest the noble dead, Who, valiant, die in Freedom's cause! Their labors done, they fold their arms, and take that rest that knows no pause.

From fields of strife our hero's gone, From struggling hard and fighting well, To realms of peace, the conqueror s home; 'Twas there that Donglass sought to dwell. Though born a slave, with sable skin, "Mongst fairer hands but darker hearts, His .tar foretold a nobler fate
Than bringing gold in slavery's marts. The galling chains that held him bound Could not withstand his maniy will:

And forth he went, with trust in God, To conquer foes of Truth and Rhght; With tongue and pen he battled long, And saw, at last, their ranks in flight.

The nation mourns her fallen son; The race laments its chieftain tried, Whose life was spent for kinsmen bound, Whose name shall now be glorified. All praise to God for such a fame, In such a land, in such a time; All honor be to Douglass' name; Proclaim his deeds in every clime.

Mr. Lewis Howard Latimer offers the follow-

rvocation:
Fold gently 'round his manly form,
Take to thy breast, O Mother Earth,
One of the noblest of the sons
To whom our land has given birth.
Ye tender that wave, above his heat,
Ye tender that you carrols sing!
How, gentle winds, above his heat,
And early birth your carols sing!
While heaver's brow with clouds is spread,
And sympathetic nature weeps,
Tread lightly here, forcetting not
Beneath this soil our Douglass sleeps.

MATRIMONY IN THE NATY

Complications Brought About by the Small Salaries of Naval Officers,

When a lad enters the Naval Academy, say at 17 years of age, he knows that, should be remain in the service, he will be earning at 10 \$1,400 a year, with a trifle in the way of commutation for rations, and he knows that he may possibly be earning at 40 not a penny more. This is the pay of an Ensign after five years from the as matters now stand, and at best be can hardly hope to be carning at 40 above \$2,800 a year, sea pay. The lad of 17, if rich, or with pros-pects of private fortune, does not greatly concern himself about his future pay, and if poor the cadet thinks \$1,400 a year a munificent saiary. By the time a cadet is through his course at the Academy be realizes that the pay he is to receive is not large in proportion to the state he must maintain as an officer of the navy.

When the young Ensign is on his pay of \$1,200

a year, during the first five years he looks upon matrimony as a thing beyond him, unless he is in that state which unfits a man for reasoning about the future. The problem presented is how to maintain himself, a wife, and a hypothetical family of children for the next fifteen years on an average of about \$1,400 a year. Thousands of persons belonging to that portion of the American people to which the average cadet belongs by birth and bringing up would esteem \$1,400 a year a comfortable income for life; but those thousands do not have to maintain a rest appearance in several kinds of unitorm, besides citizen's clothes, and keep up two establishments so to speak, one asnore for their wives and children and one at sea for themselves. Nevertheless, Ensigns do sometimes marry in the first year or two of their commissions, and all that marry thus early do not marry young women of means. There are, in fact, a considerable number of naval officers not above the rank of Ensign or Junior Lieutenant who are maintaining them selves and families of varying sizes upon their pay alone. Some men do it without apparent struggle and with no sign of shabbiness. Others present somewhat painful spectales to their messmates. Such men have taken on responsimessinates. Such men have taken on responsibilities that make infloconduct or extravagance almost a crime, because it means neglect of those at home or such neglect of self as shall bring him into discredit in the wand room.

The taking on of such responsibilities means that the officer must be ready to go to sa at all times, and must, if nossible, avoid shore duty, since that brings a reduction of pay, as quarte are furnished in theory sufficient for the officer and his family, though in reality the acceptance of such quarters sometimes involves a scrious sacrifice. The officer at sea can calculate almost to a penny his personal expenses. He knows that his stock of clothing will probably outlast the crulse, and that mess expenses need not be more than \$35 or \$10 a month, including tobacco and an occasional glass of cheering liquor. So he arranges in advance that a considerable part of his pay shall go each month directly from the department to those left tehind at home and manfully faces the necessity of living on what remains.

One finds officers' families scattered all over the country, the well to do at Washington, New York, or other cities, those less so at the former homes of the husband or wife; childless women boarding, those with children keeping house alone, or, maybap, with their parents. Sometimes a wife follows her husband abroad, and lives a year or two in Europe or China or Japan. There is perhaps an economy in following a husband into the Orient, since living there is astonishingly cheap. There was a famous order against this jursuit of husband by wife lessed by a Secretary of the Navy in a former Administration, an order much resented throughout the service.

The officer that is tempted to ease his financial straits by running into debt, speedily finds his last case worse than his first, for the Secretary of the Navy exercises a paternal supervision over the debts of his young men and long-suffering tradesmen can bring naval debtors to book by an appeal to the head of the department. It is alwa bilities that make ufisconduct or extravagance almost a crime, because it means neglect of

the academies, they are not invariable, and the President's appointees at large are not usually made upon the showing of any such examination. The clever young son of an officer always stands a good chance in a competitive examination, for a father who is a naval officer is able to give hints and this the second of the control of the

give hints and aids that materially I youngster when he comes to be examined. LOOK ABOUT FOR SPRING.

She Makes Signs Earlier Than the Unobserving Think.

Spring has begun her annual course of coquettish deception earlier than usual this year. There was a recent Sunday when suburbans rose to a dazzle of spring sunshine, tender skies, and the music of the song sparrow, that tattered